

of the clock in his chateau, he will observe no
 less vividly—
 'ce tintamarre estonne ma tour mesme'; and
 of the less
 heavenly connexion of appetite with
 indigestion: 'Ie
 hay ce sot accouplage d'une deesse si saine
 et si alaigre,
 avecques ce petit dieu indigent et roteur,
 tout bouffi de
 la fumee de sa liqueur/

There are, on the other hand, few purple
 patches of
 poetic fine writing in Montaigne; though
 occasionally
 some spectacle like the universal flux of
 things will wring
 from him a deeper note. Bacon, with much
 less poetry
 in his soul, put more of it into his prose.
 When Bacon
 writes of 'extreme self-lovers' that they will
 'set an house
 on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs',
 that is precisely
 Montaigne's manner; when he denounces
 'the detestable
 and extreme pleasure that arch-heretics,
 and false pro-
 phets, and impostors are transported with',
 he is exactly of
 Montaigne's mind; but when he says, of
 friendship, 'a
 crowd is not company; and faces are but a
 gallery of
 pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal,
 where there is
 -no love', though Montaigne felt the same,
 there is a
 poetic stateliness in the language, with its
 Biblical echoes,
 that is foreign to the Gascon. But, for that
 very reason,
 there is no intimacy in the tone. Bacon,
 even when
 writing of Friendship, never made reader
 feel his friend,
 as Montaigne does. Nor in real life can we

imagine
Montaigne treating a friend like Essex, as
Bacon treated
him. Nor on the other hand can we imagine,
as a super-
scription of the *Essais*, anything like the
proud aloofness
of 'These are the meditations of Francis of
Verulam,
which that posterity should be possessed of,
he deemed
their interest.'

This impression of easy familiarity in
Montaigne's
manner is completed by the 'wild civility'
and artful
arderness of the *Essds* as wholes. Wholes
indeed they